A NEW HOME OF ART IN ROME.

THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN SALON. A UNIVERSAL PESTIVAL-THE BUILDING AND THE EXHIBITION.

IFROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE There has been from time immemorial an annual exhibition of fine arts here in Rome, but it was always held in a dark little bui ding on the Piazza del Popolo, and, owing to its small size and unhappy arrangements, very few of the best artists ever thought it worth while to contribute their work. The late King Victor Emmanuel, however, when he sent the Pope across the river into the Vatican and established his own Court in the Quirinal Palace, at once conceived the idea of establishing in the capital of his dominion an institution that should stand to Italy as the yearly Salon at Paris stands to France. But during Victor Emmanuer's reign, and until now, during the reign of his son, the immediate sanitary and practical needs of the city, needs which the Popes had entirely overlooked, were so pressing that no time or money was left for the carrying out of this esthetic purpose. Hospitals had to be built, schools founded, and sidew lks laid; and it was not until within the last two years that definite plans could be formed for the erection of a suitable edifice for the reception and exhibition of works of art. Then the distinguished architect, Pio Piacentini, was engaged, and he, assisted by Fallama and several others, at an expense of rather more than 2,000,000 lire, or about \$400,000, has at last presented us with the handsome building which stands in the Via Nazionale, and which has been the centre of attraction to the colony of artists here for the last three months, The building is of white stone in renaissance style, handsomely decorated within and without by basreliefs and groups of sculpture by Cencetti, Bertoli and Filippo Ferrari, and yesterday the King opened it in person amid the universal joy and enthusias: of his people. It was a national gala day, and the rejoicings were intended as a tribute to the artists and as a confession that art is no trivial matter worthy simply to amuse mankind in leisure hours. Let us hope that America will soon learn, as Italy has apparently succeeded in learning, that the art gallery is on the whole as important an edifice as

Yesterday the Via Nazionale, the broad new

the stock exchange.

street on which the permanent exposition building stands, was decorated by flags and coats-of-arm representing every Italian city, and by streamers and garlands of green leaves and bright red berries, and by banners and rugs hung from the windows of the houses for the whole distance from its beginning at the Corso to its termination at the Baths of Diocletian. And from early morning till late at night it was thronged by thousands of people of both sexes and of every age and condition of life; by soldiers and firemen in glistening helmets, by gens-d'-armes in stately cockaded hats, by men and women and boys and girls from Trastevere and from the Ghetto, and from the Campagna villages, by peasants in their gayest holiday petticoats and breeches, by noblemen with golden orders strung across their breasts, by models in their freshes: cos tumes of scarlet and blue and yellow, by artists in dress-coats, chapeaux clacques and white kid gloves, and by newspaper vendors and vendors of matches and fruits and flowers, surging. crowding, bustling to and fro, smiling and chattering in the delightful sunshine, as though, for sooth, existence were a new acquaintance and a joy for everybody instead of a recch' amico with a cracked voice and a pocketful of bitter pills and disagreeable doses of care and worry, to be delivered gratuitously, without respect for persons, early the next morning. How many merry laughs and many rollicking songs, how many flashes of wit in how and many tongues of Europe, mingled their benignant uproar yesterday with the strumming of mandolius and the crying of wares and the tumultuous music of military bands! It was veritably a mad, motley, seething, confused and confusing vista, this Via Nazionale, as I beheld it from the top of an omnibus, and it quivered and glittered so that my eyes were well-nigh blinded; but I realized that the madness had a method, and the confusion a purpose. This was at 11 o'clock. Then my companion and I went off to lunch, and, as we swallowed our macheroni, he drew strange pictures of and Beta and Gamma, old Bohemians of the true kind who had forsworn the glories of evening costume for so longs a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had managed to force themselves into rented suits, and of how ridiculous they appeared withal; and of how Delta had borrows from Epsilon which he would be compelled to wear unadorned and unfastened by studsor buttons; and of how, because a necktie could cover a multitude of sins, Zeta had converted his wonderfully decorative Persian scarf into an abundant cravat,etc., until Omega and the last drop of Chianti had been disposed of, when it was the hour for betaking ourselves to the scene of the inauguration, Nobody was admitted to the buildings except the city authorities. the Senators and

Deputies with their wives, the artists who exhibited, a few representatives of the press, and the Court; but the exceptions were numerous enough to fill the great crystal hall of the permanent building most uncomfortably full. I should say there were upward of three thousand people present. The King with his beautiful queenly Queen on his arm arrived at 1 o'clock, and after listening to Duke Torlonia's short and sensible speech, declared the exposition an established thing. Then amid cries of "Viv' il Re" and "Viva la Regina," the royal pair followed by their suite and the Parliament began the tour of the galleries, and then the crowd distributed itself among the various rooms. An idea of the enormous size and excellent arrange ments of the exposition may perhaps be obtained when I say that with this large number of people there, every one had plenty of elbow space and plenty of wholesome air to breathe.

Of course, amid such excitement as prevailed upon all sides of me I could not get any very vivid or distinct impression of the special works which render this exposition striking and great. Perhaps I was too much absorbed in noticing the absurd effect of those old Bohemian fellows, decked out in threadbare black and crumpled linen, to pay sufficient attention to the results of their labor which were hanging upon the walls. But this much I may say: that I have never seen such a fine array of modern sculpture as is here displayed, and that on the whole the collection of paintings is of a fine and commendable order. To be sure, there are a few poor things-but very few. Such, for example, as portraits of Humbert with his eternal wiseacre expression and terrible mustache, and of Margherita with her everlasting necklace of pearls about her throat, which were admitted without respect to their merit simply because they were por raits of the King and Queen. Then there are a great many mediocre things, not bad by any means, though not singularly good. But there are some truly great things-and if beauty is its own excuse for being, there are assuredly enough to justify the exposition itself and the immense enthusiast has caused. There are three pictures by Rosa ; theur: a stag, a pair of wild boars, and donke, a head, marvellous in detail of fur and ristle and hair, harmony of color, and in perfec-

on of drawing, if they are not particularly intersting or pleasing in the nature of the subjects. There are two or three bits by Alma Tadema, of which I shall try to give an idea in a future letter. There is a colossal and excellent scene from Italian church life by Ferrari. And there are pieces of sculpture in bronze and marble by Masini which prove that the day of plastic art is by no means necessarily gone. Keyser, the American, also illustrates this truth. He has contributed a Titania which will take rank among the best things of its kind.

I have dated this letter January 22. In reality I am writing at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23d. I have just returned from the Artists' Club with a spicy little chapter from artistic life to relate. The Apollo is the great theatre of Rome. Last night—the night of the 22d—was a festa at the Apollo, given in celebration of the opening of the exposition. The invitations were left to the discretion of Duke Torlonia, the Mayor. What was the result? Probably the Duke was a little beside himself from excitement, for this is what he lid: He invited the Chamber of Deputies and the

House of the Senate. He invited every foreign am bassador resident in Rome. He invited the King's Cabinet and the members of the City Council. And he invited all of these worthy gentlemen to And he invited all of these worthy gentlemen to bring with them their grown-up daughters and sons. Then—then he thought that, inasmuch as the fact of the exposition was in some measure due to the artists, he would better set about inviting the artists, too. But alas! on consulting with his secretary and the manager of the theatre, the Duke discovered that he had only twenty places left to divide among some 450 men! He did not hesitate: the man that hesitates is lost. He immediately sent the twenty invitations all together to the artists in a lump, and waited to see what the artists would do.

the artists in a lump, and waited to see what the artists would do.

He saw this: Prince Odescalchi, the president of the club, bought up the Metascaseo, which is a seall theatre where a Poleinella heightens the interest of an operetta. He announced this to the members at 5 o'clock in the afternoon: At 8 o'clock the club-house was as full as it has never been since the carnival ball a year ago. The members flocked thither, determined upon an irony that should be remembered. Acaricature of the Apollo proceedings should be the programme of the evening. In consequence, the Ambassador from Russia appeared in an enormous far overcoat and boxing gloves; the Ambassador from Turkey in a turban and a pair of infinite tronsers; the Ambassador from Americain eagle feathers and a number of scalus; and they, heading a crowd of 900 wichders of the chisel and brush, many of whom were decorated by me lais and rubbons which from their size might have put the grandest of the Apollo grandees to shame, marched through the streets down to the Metascaseo, where an altogether charating performance of the through the streets down to the Merastaseo, where an altogether charming performance of the "Befana" amused them till after midnight. Then they returned to the club-house, where they are singing and dancing and smoking and laughing and depulsic still drinking still.

MISS MILLER.

'Messrs. Hartopp & Co. would be glad if Mr. Egerton would call on them to-morrow morning, the 28th, at 10 o'clock, as they have an important commission to place in his hands.

For some seconds 1 gazed at this note completely bewildered, then, jumping from my chair, I waved it triumphantly over my head, much to the amazement and concern of my pet dog Dick, who, as usual, was basking gravely before the fire. It was seidom, indeed, that he had seen his master so excited.

usual, was observed grace to the control of the con

hours, I departed.

Poor Dick! he looked longingly at me. He wished to be taken, too: but no, Dick, you must not come this morning. There is no walk over Hampstead Heath this morning: there is sterner business

Now, I do not mind confessing that my heart beat somewhat as I was ushered into the presence of the principal of the firm of Hartopp & Co.; but his pleasant manner soon reassured me. I had seen him but seldom before; for, though I had called frequently, offering MS (which was generally rejected), I had scarcely ever seen him personally.

After a few preliminary remarks as to my qualifications for hierary work and research, Mr Hartopp said, that although they had not been able to use all (or nearly ail) the MsS. I had submitted, yet what they had seen of my work had led them to believe I could undertake the task they now wished executed. Now, I do not mind confessing that my heart beat

executed.

I need not particularize what that work was; sufficient to say that it involved a large amount of research at the reading-room of the British Museum, and still further. that great speed was absolutely necessary. 'The MS must be in our hands by this day week at latest; and it will be well if you can bring us portions of it every evening as you go on. Can you do this?' concluded Mr. Hisrtopp, and, as he spoke, I felt that his keen gray eye was reading me like a book. At that time I scarcely knew how in the world I was to execute the work put before me. I had a dim idea of it, and that was all But how could I surink back, when the object for which I had worked and waited so long was within my reach? Never. So I said boldly that I would accept the engagement and execute the work to the best of my ability.

'That is right,' returned Mr. Hartopp. I am glad to hear you say so. I need hardly tell you that, if you satisfy us in this matter, we shall be able to ofier you other commissions. It will lead, doubtless, to further engagements, which, I doubt not, will be mutually profitable.' He then proceeded to speak of terms, with which, nowever, I need not trouble the reader, and ended by enjohing secrety, 'which is of course absolutely accessary in all such cases, and especially so in the present one, as we doubt not but that some other firm is engaged in the same project.'

When I left the publishing house I walked hastily to the Museum, and all the way I was puzzing my brains as to the best method of setting to work. I am wiser now, and having had more experience, I know better how to set about such a search, but I was rather nonplussed at that time. I need not particularize what that work was

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perience. I know better how to set about such a search, but I was rather nonplussed at that time. However, I entered the splendid reading-room of the Museum with a firm determination net to be beaten, and soon set to work.

Book after book was consulted, but all in vain. I remember pausing once in my search and gazing around, thinking how like it was to searching for a needle in a rick of hay. Here is the information I require—somewhere—if only I can get a clew to it. But hour after hour passed. I made no progress. At last, not to prolong this part of my story, I obtained a clew, and not long afterward I discovered the old magazine in which one of the papers for which I was searching originally appeared.

But when this result was obtained the ring of the going warned me that further work must be postponed to-night, for the hour of closing had arrived. I dejarted with a heavy heart. The first day was gone, and I had scarcely made a beginning. I should have liked to have been able to take in a batch of Ms. this first night, but could not de so, Wound Mr. Hartopp be disappointed and annoyed? Had light and permission been forthcoming I could have worked on all night.

have worked on all night.

Early the next morning I was at my post, and
was soen able to make progress. I made copious
notes, and was able to obtain certain valuable in-

formation.

Perhaps it was this success that caused me to Ferhaps it was this success that caused me to raise my head and think of rost—and lunch. And as I did so my heart thrilled with a vague sense of pleasure. Sitting at the sent next to mine was a young lady whom I had often previously noticed in the room, and with whose face I was very insulfar, but with whom I had never yet exchanged a word, whose name I knew not, and near whom, until now. I had never even sat.

word, whose name I knew not, and near whom, until now. I had never even sat.

As I said just now, I had noticed her frequently
in the reading-room, and I was conscious that,
much as I liked to frequent this place for its own
sake, it was yet dearer to me from the fact that
sometimes I saw there a graceful figure with a
grave, gentle, intellectual face, patiently working,
and sometimes—quite by accident, of course—liting starry eyes to mine as we passed one another to
consult books of reference!

ing starry eyes to mine as we passed one another to consult books of reference!

And at last this dryine damsel was sitting at the desk next my own, and I coulds admire the beautiful profile, the classic pose of the head, the soft hair 'fluified' in front, and the neat, quiet, somewhat esthetic, but by no means foolish or dowdy dress. One could see at once that she was conscious that 'esthetic' ideas are really very heautiful in themselves when not pursued too far and too foolishly.

However, the clock struck, and I was reminded

However, the clock struck, and I was reminded that I had no time to lose. Hastily butting my papers together, I prepared to go out for half an hour, for lunch. Suddenly a thought struck me! Was it safe to leave those precious papers there, exposed? They might be taken, or some one might come in my absence and read them, and so steal a march on me. But I ridiculed the idea as soon as it occurred to me. Pehaw! whoever heard of anyone interfering with another's books, or papers, or desk, in the British Museum reading-room. Just as much as every one instinctively obeys the unwritten law which there obtains, that no one is to speak above a whisper, so no one ever interferes with another's desk.

So, dismissing the subject from my mind I hurried to lunch, and was soon engaged in the pleasanter thought of how! could obtain an introduction to my starry-eyed young 'methet.'

Of course, although our desks for the day were side by side, she might be in the far wild west of America for all that I could say to her. Between us was the invisible but very real and powerful barrier of conventional propriety; and though so near, I yet was far! And then the time—I had no time for thinking even of the matter. The work in hand must be done, and quickly, too, if I would be successful, as I meant to be, and it would require all my thought.

Kesolutely bauishing my fair 'æsthete' from my However, the clock struck, and I was reminded

quire all my thought.

Resolutely basishing my fair 'esthete' from my mind, therefore, I harmedly finished my lunch, and

returned to the reading-room.

But when I reached my seat, and was about to resume my occupation, I uttered an exclamation of horror, and stood like one suddenly struck into stone for a glance revealed to me my precious MS.

For one minute I stated before me like one stupefied. I felt as though I had been stunned by a sudden blow. I grasped the back of the chair for support, and I saw it all now, aithough I could scarcely believe the horrible truth; all my labor was lost; some one else had watched me, and would get out the book before me. Success was taken from me just as I thought myself assured 11.

attention of the gentleman sitting next me on the other side, for he said kindly:

'Are you ill?'

'No.' I replied family; and I remember now how the hollowness of my tones seemed to contradict the words, and how strangely they sounded. But my anger rose, as I said fiercely: 'Some scoundred has stolen my Ms. and notes while I have been at lunch; they, were most important to me; I foar their loss will be an irreparable misfortune. Did you see any one come to my desk waite I was out?'

'No; I have but recently come,' he rejoined.

'Oh, but I saw some one,' said my fair aesthete, suddenly, and I remember now how her voice thrilled me. It was the first time I had heard her speak and I could almost forgive the loss of my MS, because it had caused me to hear her voice!

But I replied hastily:

'Who was it?'

'A tall, thin gentleman, with way hair and a gray coat. Of course, I did not know but that he

'Who was it?'
'A tall, thin gentleman, with wavy hair and a gray coat. Of course I did not know out that be was a friend of yours. He came and glanced coolly over the desk, and then took away the papers.'
'Should you know him again, if you saw him?' I

Should you know him again, if you saw him? asked, eagerly
Oh, yes! I am sure I should 'she replied.
The suggestion of the gentleman on the other side was more to the point: 'I should give information to the superintendent of the room, and also ask the attendants at the doors if they have noticed any one dressed as described, go out recently.' I did as he suggested, and very soon a notice was fixed to the glass door of the room, apprising the public of my loss, and offering a reward for information which would lead to the conviction of the offender; measwhile. I had questioned the attendant mation which would lead to the conviction of the mation which would lead to the conviction of the offender; meanwhile. I had questioned the attendant, who remembered perfectly the tail man in the

offender; meanwhile. I had questioned the attendant, who remembered perfectly the tail man in the gray cost, and said that he had gone out about a quarter of an hour since. A quarter of an hour? Time enough for him to have got completely beyond my power of wareh.

That was all I could discover, and in great anxiety? I returned to my seat. As I did sc, I remember now how the starry eyes of my new-found friend giancod shyly and sympathizingly at me.

I must have appeared very dejected, for she said presently, in a tone of deep solicitude: I am traily sorry for you, but could you not make up for lost time by working quickly.' I replied; this MS, is wanted at once. I have already been too long over it. It is a cruel loss to me.

To my ardeut imagination I was now as completely ruined as previously I had thought my fortune made. The reader will notice that my temperament is very mercurial, and ant to rise very high or descend very low at the slightest provocation. But even allowing for this extreme view, the situation was sufficiently serious; for the loss of the vis would seriously militate against my suc-

tion. But even allowing for this extreme view, the situation was sufficiently serious; for the loss of the MS, would seriously militate against my success in the immediate future.

In a few words I explained this to my newly round friend, who at once saw the difficulty of my position and the reason of my anxiety. But what was to be done? Could nothing be done to retrieve my loss?

At that moment an old gentleman can oke to the young lady near me, and e At that moment an old gentleman came up and spoke to the young lady near me, and even now I can recall that a pang of jealous, shot through my heart. At the first glance I could see that he was what some persons contemptantsly term 'a literary hack'; out for all that he seemed perfectly happy ortented.

gentleman turning to me and saying, in that whisper which is the regulation voice in the read-'Miss Mitler tells me you have had an important manuscript stolen; what was it?'
I mentioned the name and detailed the work on which I was engaged, which, for obvious reasons, is

ere suppressed. He repeated it over to himself two or thre

with his foreinger placed on his forelead, as though he was thinking deeply. Then he said:

'Way, Harrolp & Co, announce a new and carefully equited edition of that work. It is to be ready part week.

fully edited edition of that work. It is to be ready early next week.'

'Yes.' I said, 'it was for them I was doing it. Now you see the reason of my anxiety. They cannot possibly publish it at the time. I promised some of the MS, last night. I am ruined in their estimation at least. They will never forgive me for so oungling the matter.'

'Yes, it is serious,' he replied thoughtfully.

At that moment one of the courteous attendants came to me.

came to me.

'Mr. Ekerten I' be asked. looking at me.

'Yes, I replied.

'A note just left for you, sir, at the reading-room door. The bearer waits.

I tore it open with feverish eagerness, aithough I guessed too well what its contents were.

I read it over with throubing temples and burning brain. This was the gist of it; 'I'lease give bearer any copy you may have ready, if only a page. We are surprised at not having yet received are troug you.—Hartopp & Co. page. We are surprised at not as a surprised at not any from you. Hartopp & Co.'
Without a word I showed it to my companion

and sighed heavily.

Oh, come! don't give way like that,' he cried.

Write back thus:

"I much regret that at present I have no 'copy' ready; the search has necessarily been long and ardinous. But I have found the tequisite informa-tion at last, and hope to send you a large hatch of

Mechanically I wrete the words as they were dietated, and then folding up the paper, directed it and took it to the door and gave it to the messenger from Hartepp & Co.
When I returned to my seat, the old gentleman

and the young lady were eagerly scanning the colunns of last week's athenous, and as I approached
he cried in ar excited whisper:
'liere it is, here it is; I thought I saw it the other day. I glanced over his shoulder to where his trem-

ing finger pointed, and saw the anconneen e publication, by another house, of a chea tion of the very work apon which I was engaged.

Well? I said inquiringly, 'what then?' I was sure another firm was about to issue it; hence the

Yes, but you did not know what firm. can tell from this announcement; it is Co." you see, a smart, jushing nouse." Well, but what then?"

Co., you see, a smart, pushing nouse.

"Well, but what then?"

Go and tell them what has occurred, and say that your copy has been stolen by the writer they employed, and ask to look at the Ms.

'Whew! that is a difficult job.' I replied.

'Difficult! of course it is difficult. But you will have to do a great many difficult and delicate things before you have innished your literary career, my young iriend. Be off at once. Miss shifter and I will see what we can do to help you for an hour or so, if you will show us what you have done and what is to be sone!

With beating heart and whirling brain I nurried from the reading-room. Was ever mortal engaged upon such an extraordinary errand before!

In due time I readed the publishing house of Matson & Co. Without waiting to think, I pushed hastily forward and asked the first person! saw, who happened to be a mere boy, for Mr. Matson.

'I fear he is out, sir, but I will see.'

Anxionsiy I waited the boy's return. At last he came. 'Mr. Matson is not in his room sir, just now, but I believe he is in the house. Would you wait awhile!

now, but I believe he is in the house. Would you wait awhile? I nodded assent. I was too impatient to speak. I had endeavored to prepare myself for an unpleasant interview, but not for a time of weary waiting.

As I stood there, one of those extraordinary concidences occurred which, in novels, are always votes improbable, and yet which are frequently happening in real life, for fact is stranger than fiction. As I stood there, I say, a printers boy passed me. He appeared to have come for copy, for he asked, in the usual uncouth manner in which those gentle individuals converse, 'if there was anything for Manuingses.'

'No.' exclaimed one of the young men, while the other as speedily corrected him, and exclaimed in

'No!' exclaimed one of the young men, while the other as speedily corrected him, and exclaimed in tones that thrilled through me, 'There's the first batch of Baldwin's copy for —. If you forget that, Matson would go raving mad.'

My temples throbbed and ached more than ever. Here, then, was the discovery. Baldwin, no doubt, was the man who had stolen my MS. Matson was to publish it, and Manning was to pithat it.

I could scarcely control myself as I saw the boy clutch the roll of MS. banded him by one of the young men, and slip it into tis leather bag.

That, I felt sure, was my lost manuscript, but how was I to regain it?

I looked at my watch. Half an hour only to reach the Museum before it closed; saying therefore, that I could wait no longer, I abruptly left the publishing office. It was useless to see Mr. Matson now, for even if he credited my extraordinary story he would have been for the MS.

the publishing office. It was necess to see Mr. Matson now, for even if he credited my extraordinary story, he would harmly send for the MS, tonight. Moreover. I had almost accomplished my mission, and gained the information I required, and as it was necessary I should see my friends again to-night, I had no time to lose.

I arrived at the Museum just before the time for closing, and found Miss Miller and her companion just leaving. Hurriedly I told them what had occurred, and concluded by saving that I felt sure my lost MS, was at Manning's, the printer's.

'Manning' exclaimed Miss Miller. 'Oh, I know them. They are printing my copy, and have printed a great deal of it. Oh it is only real copying; I do not aspire to original writing, she added, with a silvery little laugh. Then she said impulsively: 'I think perhaps I could help you now, as I have been to Manning's so often. If you will call on my mother this evening at 9, perhaps I may have it. The address is No. 19, Railton Road, Kentish Town.' Precisely at 9 o'clock that evening I found myself

ik the dull, respectable, shabby genteel street, known as Railton Road, Kentish Town, and as the last strokes of the hour were chiming from a neighknown as Kailton Road, Kentish Town, and as the last strokes of the hour were chiming from a neighbiring church. I knocked at the door of No. 19.

A dirty, slatternly woman, evidently a lodging-house keeper, opened the door, and in reply to my inquiry for Mrs. Miller, she exclaimed crossiy:

First floor, front, and disappeared.

Speedily I made my way upstairs, as directed, and knocked at the front room door. It was soon opened, and I found myself face to face with a pleasart visaged old lady of mild manners and gentle demeanor, who, upon hearing the reason of my visit, cordially invited me to come in.

I had not been long in her presence before she had

of it. I had toiled—another would reap. Worse than all, my building reputation would be gone. I suppose my behavior must have attracted the attention of the gentleman sitting next me on the other side, for he said Kindly:

'Are you ill?'

'No.' I replied family, and I remember now how the hollowness of my tones seemed to contradict the words, and how strangely they sounded. But my anger rose, as I said hereely: 'Some scoundrel has stolen my Ms. and notes while I have been at linneh; they, were most important to me; I fear within.

'Alas:' she cried. 'I have not been successful in

within.
'Alas" she cried, 'I have not been successful in obtaining it, but I have seen it, It is yours without doubt; I noticed the writing,' Why, how did you see it? I exclaimed.
'Under the work of the control of th

'I told you that Manning was printing my "copy ust now, and in order to save time, I have often aken the MS, there direct of late. So I took a natch to-night. The front office was closed, so I 'I told you that Manning was printing.

Just now, and in order to save time, I have often taken the MS. there direct of late. So I took a batch to-night. The front office was closed, so I made my way upstaits to the overseer in the composing from. And there was your MS, lying on his desk, waiting to be given out to the type setters in the moning. Oh! my fingers fairly tingled to take it away, but of course I could not. You must.

For a few moments I could not reply: strange wild thoughts rushed through my mind, and I felt half delirious with a sudden loy. She must be favorably inclined to me, I thought, to take so much interest in me, and, in imagination, I thought I saw the sweet love light in her dear eyes. Was it possible she might love me!

the sweet love light in her dear eyes.

sible she might love me?

But I streve to collect my thoughts, and commenced to stammer a reply. I thought she noticed my confusion, for she blushed slightly, and looked down. At length I managed to articulate: 'I will get the Ms, after you have braved so much for me it would be cowardly in me to pause.'

So saying, I rose, and held out my hand to take

"Don't be so fast," she replied, smiling. 'How will you get in? You never thought of that, I suppose, Now you must take this roll of MS., and if pose, Now you must take this roll of MS., and if the doorkeeper should question you, you can easily show him this, and say it is from Miss Miller, which she neglected to leave this evening, and that you leave this evening, and that you Pass by him hornedly, so that he will go upstairs. Pass by him horriedly, so that he can ask no further questions, and then go upstairs to the second floor. The overseer's desk is close by the door of the composing-room, and it was on that desk I saw your MS.

Oh, thank you; I will manage, never tear, I ex-claimed, boldly. Good-night, Mrs. Miller, Good-night, Miss Miller; thank you very much for your

Kindness.'
With hasty steps I set forth, and I remember now how brightly the stars were flashing in the dark blue sky, and how quiet and calm they seemed in contrast to my own wild and tunnituous feel-

When I arrived at the office, I watked quickly forward, past the timekeeper's nesk. He was at his post, and I remember now how sharply he cried out after me, to know what I wanted. To his query out after me, to know what I wanted. To his query

post, and I remember now how sharply necreation after me, to know what I wanted. To his query I returned a hurried answer, almost unintelligible, to the effect that "all was right, and that I wanted to see Mr. Brown, the overseer, in a great hurry with some important "copy." I felt it was now 'neck or nothing,' and resolved to act as quickly and boldly as possible.

Hastening up the rickety stairs (by the by, why, are the stairs to the composing-rooms always so rickety?) as fast as I could. I presently arrived at the composing-room under the care of Mr. Brown. Part of it was in darkness, for nearly all the neuhad gone home. Some of those who remained turned sharply at my entrance, and scrutinized me closely. This was the crucial point, and I knew it. Summening all my buildness, therefore, I walked toward the desk, and said, in as confident a tone as I could assume: 'Oh! is Mr. Brown gone? Well, I will place the "copy" on his desk. He will know what it is.'

At that moment I saw my long-lost MS.; my eyes, knew, must have dashed with eager joy: I retched forth my hand and grasped it! Oh! what a thrill of delight passed through me!
At that moment, I heard a cold matter-of-fact

voice near saying:
What copy is if you have brought, sir !!
A cold persoiration broke out over my forchead.
This troublesome man would prevent me from taking it, now that it was literally in my hands.

Ing it, now that it was literally in my hands.

I answered: "Copy from Miss Miller; would you see the number of the last page!"

The man looked at me curiously: 'Oh, I daresay it's all right, he said, 'Anyhow, there is no harry.' He evidently regarded Miss Miller's copy' as quite a secondary affair, although, dearest girl, it meant much to her.

However, I said, very politely: 'I shall be much obliged if you would tell me the number of the last page; Miss Miller particularly wished to know that it "ran on" all right. It would not take you a minute.'

oliteness conquered him, as it usually does every-Politeness conquered him, as it usually does everyphody, and he turned away mutering.

Instantly I whipped my long sought MS, off the
desk, into my pocket, and followed him. In a minnie I was at his side, and he could not have told I
had remained at the desk a second after he left it.

The last page of Miss Miller's copy' was soon found,
and of course the few pages I had brought followed
it exactly.

it exactly

With many apologies, therefore, for troubling
him so late at night, I departed, too elates at my
success to think what might occur when the loss was discovered.
As I descended the stairs, I heard one of the men

As I descended the stairs. I heard one of the men-cry: Everything will be stopped in the morning, in order to get on with the —.' And I chuckied as I thought: 'No my friend, you are wrong for once, for the MS, is now in my possession.' At the door the thinekeeper stopped me, lie was not to be folled out of an answer this time. 'What name, sty please, and on what business f'.

and exclaimed:
Not so fast there, please; fork out that MS. ent of | you've stolen

> I stood stone still, and all the blood seemed to leave my face until even my lips were asky white.
> My heart seemed to stop beating, and so overwhelmed was I with shame and confusion that I
> longed for the ground to suddenly open and swal-

But I summoned all my fort tude, and answered, But I summoned all my low dare you speak to me thus; I swear I have no Ms. but what is my own.'

Very likely, succeed the man, but you'll excuse me if I ask to be satisfied. A very valuable Ms. that's got to be all in type this time to morrow, has gone from Brown's desk, and no one's been near it

Not you."

You and me,' I replied, 'You must remember, we both stood there. How could I have taken it without your knowledge?"

'How do pickpockets clear out your watch? said the man. 'You light-lingered gentry can do any-

the man.

the man. 'You light-ungered gentry can do anything.'
My face flushed hot enough now. I raised my clenched list. 'Say that again.' I replied, 'and I will knock you down.'
'No doubt.' sneered he: 'anyhow, let's see you searched. You don't go till I'm satisfied. So turn out your pockets: I thought it was queer, so much fuss about that there two penny-half penny copy o' Miss Millers that ain t wanted for an age to come! Now, sir, if you please, turn 'em out, or shall we seed for a botby! This ere MS, was left in my charge, you know; it's very particular. I shall get mto the devil's own row if there's anythin' happens to it. 'Tain't likely I'd be a goin to get into a row for yor, is it!

into the devil's own row if there's anythin' happens to it. 'Tain't likely I'd be a goin to get into a row for you, is it?'

'Very well,' I said coolly, 'I will soon satisfy you. Let us go into this room.' And I nointed to the open door of the waiting-room, and motioned them to enter. In making this proposition, I had a vague idea that in the minute while their backs were tarned I would transfer the Ms. from my pocket to my hat or my boot, but just at this critical moment a fair white hand suddenly. I brust open the swing door leading into the labby, near which I stood, and from out the shadows on the other side a sweet voice, which thrilled through me with strange delight, and which I had never heard before to-day, whispered softly. 'Give me the Ms.'

No sooner said than done. The white hand was withdrawn, the door swing noiselessly back, and in a moment more I stood in the waiting room, and cheerfully turned out my pockets before the printer's men. Of coarse, no Ms. was forthcoming, and I quickly left them, the one looking a periest picture of stepid astonishment, and the other muttering entses upon the lost Ms.

Hurrying along the gas-lit street, I soon came up with Miss Miller, who, bashful and shy, was slowly making ner way homeward. Now that the excitement was all over, she seemed to shrink from seeing me, and I instantly recognized and appreciated her modesty.

'I have to thank you, Miss Miller, very heartily

modesty.

'I have to thank you, Miss Miller, very heartily for your kind help to-day. Without you I should never have succeeded, and not the least of that help was the service you rendered me just now. To what happy circumstance am I indebted for your presence?' I I had to come out to buy some coffee for

'1-1-had to come out to buy some coffee for mamma. She always likes it from one shop, and—and—as the way led me near here-1-felt so aoxious to know how you succeeded, she faltered, 'because, you see, I am known here better than you, and I could help you if—anything was wrong; and I am glad I was of use at last; but how came they to suspect that you had it?'

This question was speedily answered, and soon after this we parted at the door of Miss Miller's lodgings.

lodgings.
I hat night I slept with my lost MS, under my pillow, and next morning it was duly delivered to Mossrs. Hartopp & Co.

In process of time the book was published, and although some thousands of copies were sold, not one of its numerous readers ever guessed the romance involved in its production, or that a wedding was the ultimate result thereof, for, as you will no doubt sumse. Miss Miller, not so very long after, changed ner name for mine.

Perhaps I ought to tell how the question was 'popped,' but one fellow doesn't like to tell another fellow what he said on such an occasion, you know; and really, when, just now, I asked the little darling herself what was said, she replied that 'really sne doesn't know now, it was so long ago, and more-

sne doesn't know now, it was so long ago, and more-over she doesn't think that I remember, as doubt-less it was something foolish; 'and she smiles and looks as bewitching as ever. Nevertheless, I still think she does remember.—[Time.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS. THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

James D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, who has purchased from Oliver Ames, of Boston, the Booth's Theatre property, is native of Stonington, Con eticut, or thereabout, and came to New-York City when a boy, and has reared a large family of business sons and daughters, one of the latter acting as his amanuensis at the bank, while he, now a widower, resides in one of the upper stories of the bank building, amid ooks and articles of vertu. In the Booth's Theatre property are seven city lots 25 by 100 feet each, making a ront on Twenty-third-st. of 184 feet The price was a little under \$550,000. There will not probably be any alterations made until spring has fully opened, and cantime it will be deliberated whether art or commerce shall prove most remunerative there. It seems clear that store-building is not to go much west of Sixthve., as the shops beyond that point do not attract, and ne or two successful bazaar stores on Eighth-ave, have seen nervously anxious for some time to get up to Sixthve. and have been negotiating for Booth's property Mr. Fish is in no hurry to rent his property, doing al things philosophically.

A prominent Western man lately said to me: "Well, I am going to deliver my stock to-day in the Kentucky Central Railroad to C. P. Huntington's attorneys. That man," he added, " is the great railread-buyer of this country. He is never selling, never getting out of anything, but always taking something in, and he makes no fuss about it, but is just doing it, while you and I are figuring and wondering."

Said a celebrated artist to me "You didn't hear Sey mour Haden! I did. I pitied the man for not knowin how weak he was. He began to show the difference be tween engraving and etching. He took a pad and put a plate on it and with the left hand began to turn the date and with the right to work with his burin, or enon going to hold your glass in? For, you know, we en grave by a magnifier, and use the left hand for nothing elre but to hold that glass down by the plate, and the ent Mr. Haden never saw a man engrave, unless it was on a coffin plate, cutting letters in soft metal. His ego m about the vast superiority of etching to engraving, is fally. Etching is no more than sketching with a leapencil; it is sketching with the needle on an easy sur ace. Engraving is conscience, fidelity, steady application, reverence, and regular growth. You make an etc. ing in a sitting; a great engraving in a whole year. I do not deny that Mr. Haden's personal etchings are pretty: he is an imitator of Rembrandt, and has got a good many points from Turner; he achieves much better than h

A scientific man in the employ of the Phonixville Bridge Company told me that American bridge-builders would be ashamed of nearly all the modern bridges of Europe: "We have had such a vast country to adapt ou work to that since the close of the last century we have been steadily growing, and such a piece of work as that over the Tay, which could not stand a high wind, we would be incapable of." He said that Captain Eads was of an engineer who could work out his own problem but was an engineering financier.

Mr. John M. Kirk, so long the passenger clerk for the nman Line, informs me that their new steamer, the City f Chicago, will be launched next month and will be run ning on the North Atlantic in June, in time for the ful passenger business. The City of Chicago will be of 6,000 tons and have three cylinder engines of 5,000 horsepower, a straight stem, four masts, two funnels, and will be 435 feet long, 45 feet beam, and 33½ feet deep, with her saloon and staterooms amidship, forward of the engines. She is guaranteed to make sixteen knots an hou she is being put together at Cornell's yard, Whiteineh, damages for the sinking of the City of Brussels by the steamer Kirby Hall, and lost nothing by surrendering he City of Rome, as a good case was made out against her builders; and it is said that new steamers hereafter t be constructed for the company will all be named for American cities, the next probably to be the City of Cin-

A few days ago the ex-Minister to Mexico and to Russia, General Foster, said: "I anticipate that the Re-publican party will break upon the tartif question t there is to be no compromise about it. The Mexican Claims Commission has shown the superior energy of the Americans in constructing imaginary damages, as all the claims field before the Mexicans assented to a commission amounted to about \$3,000,000, and after that they ran up to the sum of \$475,000,000, or enough to bank rupt that whole country, and when they were tried, about 1 per cent, or \$1,000,000, was allowed, nearly half of which has been since proved perfectly fraudulent. Al ch unimpeachable evidence exists of perjury in both whether the money will be refunded which was obtained from the Treasury by means partaking of the lobby, and and claim lawyers, some of them Congressmen. Meantim he Mexican treaty is being fought by all who expect to neral Foster," told me that although he was satisfied the two claims mentioned were false, he should oppo returning the money because a deceased lawyer got some of it whose widow was his friend. A Senator said that he knew the claims were bogns, but he was opposed to giving any money back to those " greasers."

cas assassinated, I asked him what view he took of the Russian Government's calamities. Said he: "The royal family must give up its ingrained pretension of ruling without law, which I have no doubt it exercises upon son religious superstition,—that the Romanoffs are the fathers of the people. The exercise of army prerogatives in time of peace, and especially the deportation of subjects from one province to another, make the Government thousands of enemies, who are led on to Socialism and Jacobinism. The only salvation for that people, as I have heard Russians frequently say, is a Constitution which the Emperor as well as his people must obey.

The present Emperor is no coward. He is hardly up to
his father's standard as a philanthropist. He loves his
wife. The Russian people have no idea of secession or seldsm from their common country. Externally they are a united race, and at present dislike the Germans more than any nation in Europe. They could not whip the German Army, yet I think it would be fatal to Germany ver to invade Russia with the object of breaking her up as the two greatest captains of Europe, Charles the Ma but the Russians followed them home. Finland is the only part of Russia which now has a true constitu-tional government, and the Finns are the ablest people in Russin, because they have experience in self-rule They do not like Russia, yet they see no way to escape from her thraidom, and accept the situation. The Prot estant portions of Russia are altogether the happiest and most of the Baltie provinces are such.

said: "We maintain that British steamships are built out of poor material and that they are not equal to tiles which have overtaken them result from inferior work and bad iron. American iron ships have had almo unbroken good luck, and when collisions have happened between them and British iron vessels, the latter have been pulverized. We would not be afraid of free trade in steamships if we had the capital and the plant that they possess in their first-class yards. Our mechanics who in Pennsylvania are generally native-born, as altogether more apt, and there has been no intellectual improvement in the average British ship mechanic for twenty years. He drives his rivets and holds his hammet and never thinks, while our men know about every part of the ship, and you might take almost any experienced man out of the yard and he could build one. Our native mechanics, when they are dressed as on Sundays, wi pass for gentlemen anywhere, but you can immediately tell the foreign mechanic under whatever clothes he wears."

I was talking to General Sherman last week about his early days in Lancaster, Ohio. He said that his mother and only \$200 income when her husband died, and eleven children on her hands, and that Thomas Ewing sr., having experienced some kindness from Sherman's father—"though," said General Sherman, "my father did not begin to have the ability of Ewing"- the latte told Mrs. Sherman he wanted to bring up one of the boys s his own. She was loath to lose any one of them, but

Point. He was one of the greatest men of his country," said Sherman. "He was an ingrained Whig, and when Harrison was elected, that old General was a more shell and was entirely the construction of the positive spirits like Thomas Ewing, who rallied about him and he up." Said I: "General, that march of yours to the sea was a very big thing." "Pshaw!" said Sherman, "going to the sea was not the thing at all. That took me too far on my right flank. The genius of that march was after I left Savannah, when I went right straight for Joe Johnston's army, and there I should have gone in the first place but for a political and popular belief that I must communicate with the fleet and get provisions."

Mr. J. O. Moss, the chief railroad man of Sandusky,

Ohio, says that the commerce of that place with all the

lake ports is one of the most extensive in the lake traffle.

the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad doing all its lake busi-

ness through Sandusky which, though eclipsed by Cieve-

land and Toledo, holds up steadily, not forgetting the

days when she was the principal town on the lakes and the point of arrival and departure from Buffalo and the

East for Cincinnati and all inland places. Mr. Moss remarked that while perhaps the Baltimore and Ohio was surpassed by the Pennsylvania in its passenger plant and elegances, it was not behind the New-York Central Ratirond in the quality of its coaches, and stood a good second in the country. This gentleman is an intimate friend of the Minister to Russia, ex-Secretary Hunt, whom he describes as a very happy man now in his family, and pleased with Russia, though his wife has not had her usual good health there. The largest collection of Americana now in the country s that of Robert Clarke, at Cincinnati, who has been colecting in this branch for many years; but it is observed hat he has marked his prices down from the figures of a former catalogue which would not stand with the buyers. Mr. Francis, of this city, observed to me that a few years ago Americana was quite a drug, but it now stands at the head of the list of class-books, and some works in this line are quoted so high as to make it profitable to

reprint them. The catalogue of the late Mr. Sabin of

Americana is said to have shortened his life when he

had published about two-thirds of it, and numbers are

still coming out. I met a fine old literary gentleman from Washington City vesterday .- Mr. Watson, who wrote for Mrs. B. O. Taylor the expensive memorial book containing a his-tory of the President's Square and all the different famlies which have lived around it, such as the Corcorans, Decaturs, Rogerses, Ewells and Mrs. Madison. Seventyfive copies of this book only were issued, and of these several were given to poor relatives of the deseased Mr. Taylor, in Virginia, and one of these books recently went to sale at auction and brought \$34, which is said to be somewhat above its proportion in the cost of publication. I said to Mr. Watson: "Why don't you oublish a local history of Washington, with family and Court life in it?" "Why," said he, "I have thought about that, but I don't know whether it would pay. way," he added, "do you know who wrote the first guide-book of Washington!" "Warden," said I. "No," replied Mr. Watson, "it was Tobias Lear, the same who married two of Mrs. Washington's nieces and finally cut his own throat in the capital city. There is a copy of his book in the Harvard library, and one was tought many years ago in Washington for \$10." "What did Lear cut his throat for!" said I. "Ha! I don't know, unless it was for cribbing Jefferson's letters out of Washington's orrespondence, which he had charge of-to oblige Jefferson. He had been three times married and was in good circumstances, was rewarded by Jefferson with a

yet he cut his throat one day without giving any notice." While General Thomas Brady is giving up his house and Dorsey has parted with his ranch, one of the detectves who played fast and loose between the Government and the culprits is putting up a fine shoddy residence in Washington, called by the surrounding citizens," Smelling Hall."

foreign position and a place in the War Department; and

I hear from a bridge-building firm that the anticipated oridge from upper New-York by Blackwell's Island to Long Island, is in new hands and being reorganized, and will consist of two suspension spans, not made of wire like the Brooklyn Bridge, but of wrought fron chain cables, like the Pittsburg bridges, and of a centre span across the island of truss and approaches of lattice iron, probably, like the Kinzle and the elevated railroad trusses. The cost will be \$4,000,000, on which 10-percent dividends would require only \$400,000 annual receipts, or about 13 cents per capita in the three millons of people connected by it.

Governor "Charile " Foster is perhaps the most liberal man in a political office. Sometime ago he was induced to set up a stranger in business, and when the first payment became due and it was handed over, Foster said: "Hello! Why I begin to believe now that I shall get all my money back. As a rule when I lend money like that the first step is apt to be half the journey." Just then an old battered drunkard came in to beg for a dollar to save himself from the station house. The Governor gave it to him and then turning aside said: "I suppose you know " Yes," said a caller, " you get what I get for that!" abused by his son in his county newspaper at least once a week." "That's it," said Foster; "I take the abuse and give the dollar too; but it's all right."

A WELCOME.

Far in the sunny South she lingers, Yet slowly comes along.
With farry gariands in her fingers,
With snatches of sweet song.
Her eyes with promises are beaming,
Her smiles will rapture bring.
The smilight from her hair is streaming—
Thrice welcome, lovely spring.

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden. She brings us gifts, the royal made:
Fair flowers to deck the hills;
With primroses her arms are laden,
Bluebells and daffoils,
Pale crocuses have come before her,
Wild birds her welcome sing; Wild birds her welcome sing;
Ten thousand longing hearts adore her—
The gray world's darling, spring.
J. M. Elton.

A PROVIDENT ENGLISHMAN.

A provident englishman.

From the toronto Noise.

An affable, though somewhat dessicated American was on his way the other day to the city of Boston. He had, with that thrifty forethought of his nation, secured a lower berth, and was meditating upon the wisdom of gathering his body benind the curtains when he was accested by an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman was of an ample presence and had the air of one who had been pastured on mutton chops all his life.

"You will excuse me," said he of the tweed suit, "but am I right in supposing that you have the lower berth?"

"You bet your life," replied the other.

"My sister," said the owner of the tweed suit, "has the upper berth, which is deuced awkward, you know. The fact is," added the Englishman, with frank urbanity. "It's unpleasant for ladies to climb up past a man in a lower berth. Now, might I ask you, sir, to do me the extreme favor of occupying the upper berth and permitting my sister to take your's?"

The request was scarcely preferred when the American, with the gallantry of a genuine Yank, bastened to assure his English acquaintainee that nothing could give him more pleasure than to be of service to a lady.

On the following morning the American was as-

service to a lady.
On the following morning the American was as-On the following morning the American was astonished to see a pair of tweed legs emerge from a lower berth opposite that which he had politely given up, and the next moment the adipose upper extremities of the Englishman.

"Say," said the American, as an air of grave disgust began to creep over his astonished physiognomy, "didn't you ask me to give up my lower berth to your sister?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the gentleman addressed, "hope you slept well?"

"And you had a lower berth?"

"Ol course."

"And then you got me to give up mine to your

And then you got me to give up mine to your

sister, sir !"
"Why, my dear fellow," said the Englishman, in
his turn, "you didn't expect I'd give up a lower
berth to my own sister, did you !"

A PROFESSOR OF TWO CENTURIES AGO. The Yale Alumni Association met at Delmonico's on Friday evening. There was a fair attendance, and among those present were Charles Tracy, Brayton Ives, General James C. Jackson, Charles Matthews and John Mason Young. The president, Chauncey M. Depew, then introduced President Andrew D. White, of Cornell Uni-

versity, and a Yale graduate of '53, who addressed the

meeting. His subject was "Christian Thomasius, a University Professor of Two Centuries Ago." Thomasius was the first rector of the University of Halle. Mr. White traced his career from the year 1688, when he announced that he would hereafter deliver lectures not in Latin, but in German. This was the beginning, the speaker said, of a great and important revolution. Latin had been the vehicle of all learned thought, Ewing insisted and thought of taking two others, respectively. "But," said the General, with a grunt of laughter, "they said I was the smartest and he must take me."

"Was Secretary Ewing a man to give much time to children!" I asked. "No," answered General Secriman; "but he was a very just man. He was steady and unwavering where he had made up his mind to help anybody. I took my chance with the rest of the boys, was treated neither better nor worse, and he sent me to West and the pedantry that it had given rise to had eaten out the strength of German scholarship. Thomasius's labors helpsil to destroy religious intelerance and to not out persecution for whicheraft. Mr. White presented a vivia picture of the opposition with which Thomasius's had to contend. He was finally compelled to fly from the University at Lebest to save his life. He took refuge in Brandenburg, where the Elector founded for him the University of Halle that drow to it the tonythril young men from all parts of Germany, and became the centre of German thought. He died in 1727 with the satisfaction of knowing that his views were generally accepted, numbering among his friends the best and strongest men of Europe. and the pedantry that it had given rise to had eaten out